SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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TWO YEARS WITH THE SPIRITS.

(Continued from No. 8.)

14. There are three methods which present themselves for adoption, in writing these articles: 1. To attempt *all* the details of a thousand sittings—more or less which I have attended—and the like of which have been witnessed, probably, by most of the readers of this paper. Or, 2. To detail those "Manifestations" which have appeared to me, to be definitely *characteristic* of the whole subject now under notice. Or, 3. To describe a few, only, of these *predominating characteristics*, in connection with the convictions which they have tended to fasten upon my own mind. I shall adopt the third method, as being, on the whole, the best adapted to give satisfaction to my readers, as it will be the most appropriate for accomplishing the object I have myself in view, which is, to give *the leading trials of my experience*, in as few words as possible, without running into too much minuteness of detail, on the one hand, or deficiency in *explicitness* and *perspicuity*, on the other.

My first interview with the Spirits, was in the presence of the Fox family, Mrs. A. L. Fish and her sisters. There was a *solemnity* in the impression which the first "sounds" I heard made upon my mind, which I shall never forget. They carried a conviction, as to the source whence they came, which was, for the time, not to be resisted. However, the occasion was not favorable for investigation, and, on putting a "leading question," I got a response from what purported to be *one* in the Spirit-World, whom I dearly loved, and she made an explicit promise to respond to me again, 'within four weeks.' She could not tell me her name, (without a leading question,) nor the place where she died. The *promise* has never been fulfilled, from that day to this, neither directly nor indirectly, in any form or degree, though this has been often and earnestly requested.

15. My next interview was in the family of Dr. Phelps, Stratford, Conn. Here I received responses from one who called his name "Sam Slick," "Sambo," "Beëlzebub," and the "Devil" I asked the spirit if he would talk with me? and an answer was spelled out by the sounds, "I will talk with you in hell." I was solemnly impressed, and asked, from emotions of pity, "Can I do you any good?" The answer was given, as before, "Yes; give me a glass of fresh gin." I asked, "Are you now in hell?" Answer, "Yes." "Are you unhappy?" "Yes." "More unhappy than when in this world?" No answer.

16. From Dr. Phelps' I proceeded to Auburn, N. Y., where I had repeated sittings with Mrs. Tamlin, and Mrs. Benedict, which were distinguished by the following characteristic traits:

17. First: Through Mrs. B. I could get no responses from *any* spirit whom I ever knew in this world; but, without either expecting it or calling for them, "spirits," purporting to be "Apostles," and "James Madison, President of the United States," made the "sounds" for me, freely, until I asked them how I should know that they were what they purported to be? They then stopped suddenly, and "rapped" to me no more.

18. Second: Through Mrs. Tamlin, responses were made to me, freely, from her guardian spirits, affirming that all the spirits I had talked with at Dr. Phelps', and Mrs. B.'s, were insane deceivers. And through Mrs. Tamlin, I could get no responses from any spirit with whom I had ever conversed in this world. One spirit, purporting to be a relative, made the "sounds" for me, but when I asked her (in all the love of a confiding assurance that it was the one it purported to be) how many children she left in this world, the "sounds" ceased, and I got no more of them.

20. It is now about two years, since the Spiritual Manifestations were commenced in my own family; and during this time they have been witnessed by a very large number of people, to the most of whom, I have been assured, they have given satisfaction, and delight. Many have become "Mediums," after witnessing the Manifestations in my family. And, I have no doubt but that what has taken place at the sittings I have attended, has been as truthful, and elevated, as any similar results through any other mediums, in any part of the country. Their distinguishing characteristics may be stated in a few words:

(1.) The "Manifestations" have always been made when called for, by "sounds," moving of physical objects, and writing on paper.

(2.) All has been done, without any *motions* made by the mediums, who have been perfectly passive all the time; nor did they touch the articles that were moved by the spirits.

(3.) When they first commenced in my family, "sounds" were made by what purported to be the spirit of one from the "Higher Spheres," one who had been well known in this world for his intelligence and virtues. At first, he withheld his name, but offered me *advice* in respect to the sittings. This spirit said, "judge us by our works! The names which spirits bore in this world will not assist you much." For some months I had responses from what purported to be this personage, which afforded me and others a great deal of satisfaction till I found, after much experience, that what purported to be this same spirit, falsified to me, and gave answers in respect to his views which did not agree. This spirit came without being called for, and departed without being ordered away. The evidences that he gave of his *identity* at first, were perfectly satisfactory; and especially when one of his relations visited my family who did not know that we had had communications from what purported to be this spirit, before.

(4.) I have often sincerely asked for responses from the spirits of distinguished persons (now dead,) but never received one from any such, with the above exception in my own family.

(5.) Though from the first I have carefully endeavored to avoid exerting *any* kind of influence over the manifestations in my own family, yet, in numerous instances, I have noticed that many "answers" spelled out by the alphabet, were the mere repetition of my views, or statements I had incidentally made about this subject some time before.

21. For some thirty years I have been familiar with the phenomena known under the technics of mesmerism, "electro-psychology," and clairvoyance; and my first suspicion in regard to the spiritual manifestations was, that they were but a new phase of *nervous* phenomena. But I soon found sufficient reasons for abandoning this idea altogether.

(1.) I know how to induce all the known mesmeric or *nervous* phenomena; but on applying the usual processes for mesmeric or clairvoyant results, I could not bring to pass the "spiritual phenomena." Nay, I could get the "sounds" in the presence of mediums who were in their normal states, while, if they were entranced, I could get no sounds at all!

(2.) The spirits themselves assigned this reason: They said that mixing up "spiritual manifestations" with *nervous* or mesmeric phenomena would, on the whole, *embarrass* the subject. Many mortals would call the whole subject nothing but mesmerism; others would ignorantly, take the mere *nervous* results for "*Spiritual Manifestations*," unable to distinguish the one from the other, difficulties would thus be multiplied in the way of our investigations. And now, looking back over the two years that are past, it seems to me that this subject has indeed been not a little embarrassed by allowing it to become mixed up with *sympathetic mania* in various forms; indeed, just so many forms as in which it is possible for the mediums to *act*. While, therefore, I affirm that the true "*Spiritual* Manifestations" cannot be brought about by putting in operation any of the known mesmeric laws or processes, I must admit that many things which are called "spiritual" may be, and doubtless are, induced in this manner: As,

(1.) The *conception* or *idea* of any given state in certain temperaments will be sure to bring on that very state. This is the method by which subjects are impressed, by processes, known under the terms of "electro-psychology," &c. By a command, or any sign, give the patient an *idea* of what you wish to have *done*, and it comes to pass; and in this way, I have often made what would be called mediums for "spiritual" manifestations. I find a person of a suitable temperament, and say to him, "You would make a good medium; now, put your hand on that table and sit perfectly still for a few minutes, and you will be magnetized by the spirits." And so it has come to pass! The person becomes a *jerking*, *writing*, *talking* "medium" in a very short time, and thus, by a mere mesmeric processhe will *see* the spirits, and his brains becoming abnormally excited he will speak for them, and utter the most sublime sentiments in beautiful and appropriate language.

(2.) By the laws of *asosciation* or *sympathetic contag on*, most of the "writing mediums" so-called, that I have ever seen throughout the country, were developed in this manner. They attended a sitting, and saw how others were affected—and so, if one *jerks* his hand or *shakes* as if he had an ague fit, or turns up his eyes, or falls upon the floor, under the *idea* that it is done by spirits—why, others who witness these things will be liable to be affected in the same way. [See "*Book of Psychology*," published by Stearns & Co., 25 Ann street, New York, in which these sympathetic phenomena are explained.]

(3.) When persons of a certain temperament thus become *abnormally* excited upon the subject of Spiritualism, they will speak (unconsciously to themselves,) and write with great fluency. In hundreds of cases I have known such persons to do certain things and say I "willed" them to do so and so, when I knew that I had no *volition* whatever about it. Others have spoken, uttered prayers, and said they did so unconsciously by spiritual influence; but in calling upon the spirits to respond by the "sounds," the spirits have disclaimed having done what was affirmed. And one "writing medium" who has published a book upon this subject, (all written as he affirms, *unconsciously* to himself, by the spirits,) on sitting down with a medium through whom the "sounds" were made, what purported to be the same spirit, said they did not write through him at all; all they did was to *excite* him, and when so excited he wrote himself!

(4.) Mr. C. Hammond may be referred to as a *type* of *all* writing media. And that he was *started* (so to speak,) by his *own mind*, his own *idea* operating on his own nervous system is manifest from his account of himself. He says:

"Being satisfied that spirits were present (here was the *idea*,) I said mentally, will the spirit take my hand and throw it forward over the bed clothes; gently my hand was carried to the position I asked." —*Light from the Spirit World*, page 6.

To those who know that *all* mesmeric results may be *self*-induced this statement presents no difficulty. Mr. H. was magnetized by his own *idea*, and thus he soon became (of course) utterly unconscious of using any volition in what he did. It was so with Judson Hutchinson. (See the account his brother gives of him, published in the Spirit World, Vol. i., pages 113, 117, 125.) The *idea* took possession of him, that he was *magnetized* by the spirits, and so completely overcame his system that he became insane, which continued for a long time.

(5.) If the testimony of spirits is to be taken on this subject, then we must admit that it is an *insane* idea, or an idea that leads to insanity, when mortals give up their own wills or judgment to be controlled by spirits. I have put the question often and always received the same answer.

22. Two gentlemen came together to a sitting at my house—one of them entered his name in a book kept in the office for that purpose. My daughter, the medium, did not examine the book at all. The next day, one of the same gentlemen called again to attend a sitting (the one that did not enter his name in the book,) on asking the spirits to tell his name, they spelled (not his name,) but the one of his friend entered on the book the day before!

23. A little over one year ago I was visited by Mr. Robert White, a Shaking Quaker from New-York, a most excellent man, who came to witness these manifestations in my family. While in my office he related to me an account which he received from Rev. Theodore Parker of Boston, to this effect: "That while Mr. Parker was attending college, one night as he was returning from Boston to Cambridge, he saw walking just before him what appeared to be a negro; but he noticed the form was transparent, and when he stopped, that would stop, and when he moved, that did likewise. Finally, the specter turned short and went over the fence; and as it did so, it looked back at Mr. Parker and grinned so as to show its teeth."

24. Mr. Parker himself, soon after, came to my house to hear the mysterious sounds; and when it came his turn to speak, this very account of the specter was spelled out to him thus: "Does Mr. Parker remember the ghost who showed his teeth," &c. Mr. Parker turned around immediately to me and stated that, "that was a story he told to Mr. ——— a year ago," intimating that he believed, as I suppose he does to this day, that all that spelling about "the ghost who showed his teeth" had been done by *collusion* between me and my child. But Mr. Parker was mistaken;—he never told the story to me, nor did I tell it to the medium. How the spirits got hold of it, the reader knows as well as I do.

JUNE 18, 1852.

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOON.—We have before us a photograph of the moon and another of the Boston Custom-House, taken with the large equatorial telescope at Cambridge Observatory, by John E. Whipple, Daguerreotypist, No. 6 Washington-st. Boston Custom-House is very fine—it is well done. The one of the moon is an object of curiosity, and it is deeply interesting to the lovers of science. The surface of the moon is peculiarly striking. It looks as if it were covered in some parts, with huge rocks, lying thick as hail-stones after a storm. These pictures are an evidence of the chemical action of light independent of heat.—*Home Journal.*

A POEM

DICTATED BY SHELLEY.

The poem, which we publish below, may not be an improvement on Shelley, as we have known him through his earthly productions, but it can not be denied that the thoughts, and the manner in which they are expressed, exhibit much of the spirit of the alleged author. We received it several weeks since, but it was lost sight of among a multitude of communications of less value.—ED.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 17, 1852.

The following communication, from the spirit of Shelley, was, to me, both startling and thrilling—for I had never read his poems; and the manner of his presenting himself seems peculiar to his spirit. After this poem, I received a sketch of his life. CHARLOTTE M. CAVAN.

"I, who was despised and rejected of men; denied oft times the common sympathies of life during a short earthly career, would stand, in my *Spirit-Home*, and speak to the inhabitants of Earth. * * * Who has the courage to respond to me?—Hark! I hear a voice, saying, 'I fear not mockery or scorn—they are my playthings—I have pledged myself to be the almoner of truth.'

Truth, bright and glorious, shall prevail!—o'er-
sweeping all, [down
Like some vast torrent whose proud strength bears
All barriers—on sweeping—carrying all,
Like straws that swim upon its surface,
With its might—So Truth
Shall bear us onward to its consummation;
Then in equity and justice man shall sing,
And know no treason-plot against his foe,
For foe is not. Man to man is bound
By ties indissoluble—that severeth not
Ties formed in right—for human rights are one,
A gift of Heaven. Then, man, beware!
Rob not thy brother—'tis a spoil
That makes thee poor—and robs thy soul
Of *manhood*—all that is divine and *godlike!*
Thou art *poor*—without a garment. All may see
The poverty thou would'st, but canst not hide;
And may behold thee as thou art—*without a soul.*
Then blame me not—I doubted once man had a soul,
For I did judge as I beheld the *living type*—
But I *misjudged*. Now I see, and what I see
I testify. I can behold the pure
Ethereal form that does out-live
The less refined, the roughest part, in which
The jewel infinite is here enshrined:
It comes forth free and in immortal life;
Goes out, in wrapt seraphic bliss, to explore
The regions of infinity.

Man hath no power
To bind the spirit here. Immutable and pure
Are laws that move us in our *Spirit-home*.
We have no Word of God save holiest page
Of Nature's book, spread out in panoramic view.
Here I am blest—my mind can sweep o'er all
Of beauty, and drink in a freedom
That on earth I was denied. Earth's sons,
With souls of clay, would have despoiled me;
They made me what I was—they made me doubt;
But here, they have no power to mar my soul,
For to my 'lumined spirit is revealed
What once was dim and shadowy, on earth.
Ah! Immortality, thy *bliss*—and still
'*Twas I who doubted thee!*
Friend, listen why:
I saw the wrongs in *Church* and *State*, and I, too,
Saw a power to right them, and to make
An Eden's garden smiling here—
But others scorned, and wished not to right
Those wrongs I saw, for they were false,
Yet feigning to be true.
And when I thought of life, I said, 'Tis dreams;
And *Death*, I said, is but a dreamless sleep;
And Man, so false to Man, I ne'er can wish
Affinity to thee—far better not to be;
And so I wished there was no *after life.*

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

"THERE IS NO DOUBT that there exist such voices;
Yet I would not call them
Voices of warning, that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the sun,
Ere it be risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere; so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events;
And in to-day already walks to-morrow."

[COLERIDGE.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 17.

ALL BEING FREE, EACH MUST ANSWER FOR HIMSELF; AND WHERE NO RESTRICTIONS ARE IMPOSED, NO ACCOUNTABILITY WILL BE ACKNOWLEDGED. S. B. B.

ANTIPODEAN CRITICS.

Some men seem to be invested with what may be termed *the divine right of fault-finding*; they murmur as freely as though they paid a license for grumbling, and censure with as little reason or reserve as though they were exercising the chief, and most fondly cherished, of their natural and constitutional prerogatives. We do not for a moment presume that our own trials are particularly severe in this respect; but we do know of some poor editors who suffer most essentially from this cause. Hot weather, hard labor, and lean salaries, are among the light afflictions which Editors are wont to bear with exemplary patience. But to have these common ills aggravated by a score of meddlesome persons—half of whom have not mastered the spelling-book—who venture to dictate what the Editor shall publish, and what not, is a trial which only stupid men and philosophers are able to bear. That the reader may form some feeble conception of this editorial ordeal we will present, briefly, the substance of several suggestions gathered from the correspondence of the TELEGRAPH.

A gentleman at the West, "J. S. B.," writes to express his disapprobation of two articles which we thought proper to publish; '*he* did not subscribe for such articles.' Before we could perceive our mistake, the mail brought us two other letters, in both of which the two condemned articles were particularly referred to as among the most interesting yet published. A man who *is not a subscriber, but thinks he may be*, writes to advise us to publish more articles of a particular kind; at the same time, another suggests that we may over-do the matter in that direction. 'Why do you not fill the paper with spiritual communications?' says one; while several rejoice that we do not restrict it to communications from spirits out of the body. Some one up in New-Hampshire, whom we never heard of before, introduces himself by *demanding* our reasons for publishing "so much *irrelevant matter*;" and numerous correspondents express great pleasure that we are *not so contracted* as to confine the paper to one idea. Occasionally we are counseled to let the spirits speak all the time, and to accept their teachings with unquestioning confidence; and yet, many are glad that we do not sink our own individuality; while we, ourselves, feel that

> "'Tis a base
> Abandonment of reason to resign
> Our right of thought."

Two or three persons submit some forty or fifty questions, which they desire us to answer in the Telegraph. When about to respond, a letter is received from a *young convert*—who knows more now than he will after pursuing the subject five years—admonishing us that he desires *no human wisdom*—[his letter corroborates his statement]—that he is content with what the *spirits teach*. One writes for careful details of what occurs in the circles; others intimate that the *details are unimportant*, since they often witness the same. Give us *the facts*, says one; never mind the *facts*, observes the second, but *give us your views*. Before we have time to do either, we are told that we had better SAY NOTHING! Several persons who attend circles complain that we do not notice their proceedings, while they have not so much as taken the trouble to forward any record of the same for publication. Some rich man, who is able to subscribe for a number of papers, would *prefer* to have us occupy our whole space with matter having a "direct bearing" on the spiritual philosophy; while several poor men, who live far back in the country, remind us that they are only able to pay for one paper, and that the summary of intelligence renders the TELEGRAPH more interesting and acceptable as a family paper. Several pretended mediums and writers of bad language, are dissatisfied because the paper does not indorse their claims. And last, and most grateful to our feelings, some three thousand patrons express, most significantly, their unqualified approbation.

Among so many it is not surprising that occasionally one should be displeased with our best endeavors. This is certainly pardonable, since we are imperfect and some men inherit a disposition to find fault. If any one can make a better paper than the Telegraph, we hope they will do so. The cause demands their services immediately. Indeed, we should like to see the paper that would please everybody—will the Editor 'please exchange?'—and the man who can write precisely what all men will most approve, must be a rare genius, before whom it were proper for Moses, Paul and Shakspeare to uncover their heads. To this preëminence our limited powers do not warrant us to aspire. The POSSIBLE, with each and with all, is prescribed by the measure of personal gifts and endowments, and much as we dislike all arbitrary restraints we can not transcend the limit.

The Indian Doctor's Remains.

DISCLOSURES BY THE SPIRITS.

MORROW CO., OHIO, June 28, 1852.

MR. EDITOR: In a recent number of your paper, I saw an article in relation to some spiritual revealments respecting a supposed murder in Morrow Co., Ohio; in which it would seem that two suspected cases of murder were confounded together, and giving but little light on either. To set the matter right in one of the cases, I requested a friend of mine to write me a concise account of it, which he has done; extracts from which I herewith inclose to you, with a request that you publish them, if you think that they will subserve the objects had in view in the publication of the Telegraph.

Of the truth of all the statements contained in the extracts, no one need entertain a doubt. Every circumstance and every fact named, actually occurred, together with many more no less extraordinary perhaps, than those stated; but the enumeration of them all would swell the article to too great a length for your paper. People are left, however, to form their own opinions as to the true source of the revealments claimed to have been made by spirits, not only in this case, but in thousands of others of a different character, though no less extraordinary, some of them true and some of them false, as time or circumstance has often proved.

A belief that revelations are being made from the Spirit-world is, however, becoming more and more prevalent in this part of Ohio, as well as in many others, and also in other States of the west. A great many mediums are being developed all over the country, some of them unfolding grave and important truths, while others seem favored, if favor it can be called, with trifling, unimportant and even obscene communications, of no value, or less than none, to any one. W. H.

FACTS OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE REMAINS.

DEAR SIR: In compliance with your request I will give you a correct, though very brief account, of some of the most material circumstances connected with the recent efforts to find the body of a certain Indian Doctor, whose sudden and mysterious disappearance from his place of boarding in this County, in the fall of 1849, gave rise to suspicions that he had been murdered.

Sometime in the early part of last February, one of the citizens of the neighborhood where the missing doctor had boarded, was witnessing the spirit-rappings, as the phenomenon is termed, and made some inquiries relative to the Doctor's disappearance, when he was informed that he had been murdered and was buried on the premises where he had boarded, in a field, on the south side of the road. Other persons made similar inquiries of the spirits through other mediums, and received the same information in relation to the matter. This aroused the latent suspicions of the community which had been slumbering for more than two years, and was followed by a general uprising of the people, with a determination to find the remains of the Doctor if possible. A large number of persons assembled and proceeded to make examinations; but instead of searching on the south side of the road, as indicated by the spirits, they examined several old wells on the north side, thinking it more probable, if a murder had been committed, that the body had been deposited in one of them. Nothing, however, was discovered.

After this, other mediums who had never before heard of the Indian Doctor or of the suspicion of the murder, and residing some six miles from the place of the suspected murder, were impressed to go to that neigborhood and there say that the remains of the Doctor were still in a well or excavation about six feet deep on the premises where search had been made, covered with stumps, logs, sticks and earth. This statement was corroborated by three or four clairvoyant mediums who stated, while in that condition, that they saw the bones as above described, each agreeing with the others, although some of them were entirely ignorant of the statements of the others. Some of the mediums stated, while in the clairvoyant condition, that they saw all the circumstances of the killing; the persons perpetrating the deed, the weapons used, the number of blows struck, and the process of burying the body; and two of them actually recognized the *man*—whom they saw while clairvoyant, committing the deed—when they afterwards met him in company with a number of others, although they had never before seen him except in the interior condition.

Subsequently to this, examinations were made on the south side of the road, and some excavations made as near the place described by the mediums as could be determined in the absence of landmarks sufficient to decide its precise locality; but without making any discoveries. It is worthy of remark that the most decided opposition was made to each and every attempt to investigate the matter, by menaces, the exhibition of fire-arms, and even personal violence.

Soon after the examinations on the south side of the road had been made, one of the mediums, while in the interior condition, said that an excavation had been made very near where the dead body was deposited, and that by digging a little in a certain direction at the bottom, some of the covering would be found which would lead to a discovery of the body. No further search, however, was afterward made.

Not long after the last attempt at digging, a medium who had previously had few, if any, impressions in regard to this matter, was impressed to say, while in a family circle, at about eleven o'clock on a stormy, sleety night, that the remains of the Indian doctor were then being taken up, and that certain persons whom she *named*, were engaged in digging in the hole or pit made by those who made the last search. The medium, together with the family, sat up until one o'clock in the morning, during which time she reported the progress they were making; that they dug under at one side and at the bottom of the hole—she reported when they reached the bones; when they got them out and deposited them in a box which was placed in the chamber of a house.

At a period subsequent to this, the same medium was again impressed to say that the remains of the Doctor were removed a distance of five or six miles, and placed in a hole dug under the side of a large tree which had been blown down near the margin of a small swamp, surrounded by trees and underbrush, and that they were then and there engaged in burning them up.

A week or two after this she was again impressed to say that if some persons would accompany her, she would be directed by the spirits to the spot where the remains had been burned. They accordingly proceeded with her, as she was led, a distance of about two and a half miles, and actually found the swamp and tree, as she had described, and under the side of the tree a hole that had been recently dug, in which were ashes and a quantity of thoroughly burnt bones!

Unreliable Writing Media.

Last week the secular papers in this city had much to say about a National Convention of Spiritualists, alleged to have been called at Cleveland, Ohio, and which had proved to be a total failure. It is proper to observe that NO SUCH CONVENTION WAS EVEN PROPOSED TO BE CONVENED. The facts are simply these: Some friends interested in Spiritualism thought proper to assemble themselves together, with a view of spending the anniversary in the manner most congenial to their feelings, and accordingly tendered a fraternal invitation to several friends abroad to join them. This was all, and we understand from a most reliable source that the objects of the meeting were fully realized.

We can easily excuse our neighbors of the political press, for such a deviation from the facts. Both parties have recently held National Conventions, at which each was powerfully magnetized by his leader, and a sort of political psychological state seems to have been induced, under which even religious meetings assume the same national and general aspect. They will doubtless come out of this state of political abnormalism about the time the election is over; when, we trust, their communications on Spiritual subjects will be more reliable.

Scientific Experiments.

NEW-YORK, June 16, 1852.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE, ESQ.:

SIR—Permit me to present you the result of some curious experiments, made at Naples, last month, by a friend of mine, who occupies a high position in the scientific world. These experiments, I hope, can have some interest for you, by their close analogy with the phenomena of Life and Electricity. I extract the following:

"If at the two poles of a battery you fix silver wires or plates, diving in a tub of glass, full of distilled water, slightly acidulated, you know that, as soon as the action of the battery commences, a whitish gaseous current springs from the copper element, and goes to the wire attached to the zinc element. This whitish ribbon is nothing but the atoms of silver, removing, under the electrical action, from one wire to the other.

Suppress the battery, put a man in its place, and the transferring will continue equally well.

The experiment is made with a tub of white glass, three-fourths full of distilled water, alkalized—placed near a window receiving light from the south—and two thin plates, or wires, of silver, already employed for the transferring in a battery, the one for the positive, the other for the negative, side.

The most convenient time in the day is from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M. The thermometer must be from 77 to 82.

The hands must be warm—not from radiating caloric, but from motion—the right slightly in perspiration. If the hands are cold, no effect is obtained.

I stand, then, behind the table, at the north side of the tub, in order to preserve the free action of the light upon it. With my right hand I lay hold on the wire which has been used for the copper element, and with the left that used with the zinc. My left arm is leaning on the table, and the right one remains freely extended. Then I plunge, at once, the two wires, at three-fourths of their length, into the acidulated water. Immediately, from the wire in my right hand, (copper element,) springs forth a gaseous ribbon, which goes toward the opposite wire (zinc.) It is the transferring of the metal, which takes place exactly as in the common batteries.

This phenomenon continues, with all its force, for five or six minutes, after which time it diminishes, and finally disappears.

As you see, and as it is now admitted by all our scientific friends, this experiment proves evidently that MAN POSSESSES A FLUID QUITE ANALOGOUS TO THE ELECTRICAL FLUID OF THE ORDINARY PHYSICAL INSTRUMENTS; WHICH FLUID, BY ITS ELECTRO-MOTIVE POWER, IS ABLE TO PRODUCE THE SAME EFFECTS WHICH ARE OBTAINED BY THE USUAL INSTRUMENTS OF TRANSFERRING.

Now, do you remember the girl who had those curious electrical properties, and who was producing those singular noises? Do you remember how often, in 1847, we saw her in Paris, without daring to admit these facts, because the *savans* were considering them as charlatanry? Then, recollecting all these circumstances, and comparing them together, we must come to the conclusion that these facts were real, indeed, and the savans, following their too often trodden way—backward.

Please give me all the particulars about the "rappings," which are obtained in America, and which excites so much interest here, though we know so little about the matter. Do they not belong to the same order of phenomena of which I have been speaking to you, in this letter? &c."

Now, permit me to add an observation, which is personal to myself: When at Geneva, Switzerland, some watchmakers possessed the singular property of transmuting into artificial magnets all the steel-wires which they were handling. This property had for them the greatest inconveniences, since all the small pieces of the watches were becoming magnetic, and as soon as touched to their pincers, adhered so closely that it was almost impossible to take them off. A working-woman was obliged to abandon her profession, on account of possessing such powerfully magnetic qualities.

I knew, also, in Turin, a young man, to whom happened the same thing, at the age of sixteen or seventeen. That is the age in which this phenomenon is generally developed—seldom later. In the transition from youth to puberty, it seems that a great amount of electricity is developed—especially in the subject living in continency. Among licentious individuals this property was never observed, so far as I have any knowledge.

Begging you to excuse my poor English, I remain, very respectfully,

Your obedient, humble servant,

C. R. MITCHELL.

THE SPIRIT-BORN.

CHARLOTTE, wife of JOSEPH A. WHITE, Esq., of Boston, Mass., departed this life on Tuesday, July 6, at a few moments past 12 o'clock, M., aged 35 years and 5 months.

Mrs. White was a sister of the proprietor of this paper. She was the mother of two children, one of which still survives. Her disease was of a scrofulous nature, attended by glandular swellings and ulceration, from which she suffered for ten or twelve years. The disease finally terminated on the lungs. On Monday, the day previous to her departure, she rode out and appeared comfortable. On Tuesday morning she did not rise as usual, and her symptoms were increased debility and difficult respiration. At twelve o'clock, when the child came from school and entered her apartment, she requested the attendants to send for Mr. White, and calling the little girl to her bedside, she embraced her affectionately, and said, "*Charlotte be a good child.*" These were her last words, spoken to the earthly ear. With the utmost composure the body slept, and the spirit awoke beyond the vicissitudes of time.

Mrs. White needs no labored eulogy to commend her beautiful example to those who enjoyed her society. Her disposition, her every word and deed, was tempered with the spirit of gentleness, and a forbearance that is seldom exemplified in so conspicuous a manner. She was long and grievously afflicted, but her patience was superior to every trial; and, with a submission scarcely mortal, she bore her infirmities, silently and without a murmur, to the last. When the hour of rest came, it was welcome, and gentle as the slumber of a child, was her repose.—ED.

If experience of the world makes us less sensitive to its blame, it also renders less flattering its praises.

NEW-YORK CONFERENCE,

FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

[WEEKLY REPORT.]

Friday Evening, June 25, 1852.

Present: Chas. Partridge and wife, Wm. Wood and wife, Gilbert Sweet and wife, Dr. R. T. Hallock and wife, J. F. Baldwin and wife, B. Ackerman and wife, Wm. Allen and wife, Thos. Cromwell and wife, Mary O. McDaniel, Dr. John F. Gray, S. B. Brittan, Ward Cheney, Henry C. Gordon, (Springfield, Mass.,) J. T. S. Smith, Dr. C. B. Brainard, J. H. Allen, Philip J. Heint, (Middletown, Conn.,) Thos. Marsh, Robert Grant, H. C. Billings, Wm. J. Baner, J. H. Hunt, F. F. Carey, Daniel S. Norris, Thos. Scantlebury, N. E. Crittenden, (Cleveland, O.) O. H. Wellington, R. L. Donaldson, R. M. Anthony, (London, England,) Dr. J. H. Potter, Dr. F. L. Wilsey, H. H. Hall, Anson Atwood, Stephen G. Lee, C. R. Mitchell, E. D. E. Greene, J. Stone, Edward Stone, Wm. F. Harris, L. Hammond, and 12 others.

The committee to whom was referred the subject of procuring a larger room for the meetings of the Conference, reported in favor of taking for a limited time, "Friendship Hall," No. 149 West Sixteenth-st. (between Seventh and Eighth-avenues.) After due consideration the subject was laid over for one week.

Mr. Partridge said the Anniversary of our National Independence was at hand. We were about to celebrate the boldness and patriotism of our fathers, and their freedom of thought and action. He thinks we ought to *imitate* as well as celebrate their virtues. They pledged their lives, their fortunes and their honor to the cause of liberty, and we should do the same. We should open our houses to the reception of honest inquirers after the truth and goodness now being manifested, and we should fearlessly open our mouths to the utterance of our firm conviction of the glorious reality.

Dr. Hallock read the following brief spiritual admonition to freedom of speech and of opinion, given to a small circle on the 28th of June, through a speaking medium—the spirit through the medium said:

"It is very pleasant to me to be present at the assembling of these different circles. It grieves me very much that men are not more willing to lay aside prejudices and false opinions which so shackle and bind them to earth.

"Instead of discussing the infallibility of spirits, you should be astonished rather that they come to this earth at all. Their wholesome instructions to you are repelled by nearly all. It is a mighty task that spirits have to perform. Do, I beseech you, try to make it easier by throwing away these strong prejudices; cut loose the chain and come out free before the world. Stand up man to man and the battle is soon won."

Mr. Carey reported an instance of picture-writing which he had witnessed lately through a medium residing at Easton, Pa. Mr. C. says, the meaning of the pictures has not yet been disclosed, but the mode of making them left no doubt of their spiritual origin.

Mr. Atwood of Bridgeport, Conn., related two facts which he witnessed, of communications from persons very recently dead. In one case no member of the circle knew, or could by any earthly means have known, that the person communicating had died.

Mr. Crittenden of Cleveland, Ohio, mentioned the case of a speaking-medium with whom he is acquainted, who speaks in various languages, which to his fullest conviction, were and are unknown to the medium. In this manner, Arabic, Indian and Chinese, have been spoken.

Dr. Hallock said the following communication was received this afternoon through a writing medium—"It is a gentle reproof, addressed as the spirit said, to "all those whom the garment may fit." It is as follows:

"You follow the bent of your inclinations with the same eagerness that a child chases a butterfly by the wayside; and, like that child, when called by its guardian to perform a duty, you call in question the right of being similarly dictated." Dr. H. said he remarked, "that is a gentle admonition," when the spirit immediately replied:

"Attending to such gentle admonitions would help to bring society up to the right standard much sooner, because all would then be aiding in the good work.

ELIAS HICKS."

Henry Gordon and several other mediums being present, a variety of spiritual manifestations occurred. Rapping was loud and frequent, and communications were made by speaking and writing. Mr. Gordon made many singular characters on paper, some of which were interpreted by a gentleman present, well versed in oriental tongues, who said these characters were used in several very ancient languages.

He afterwards wrote the word "*Poketonka*," and then, while in the spiritual-magnetic state uttered, in what seemed to be an Indian dialect, a few setences, and then in broken English personating an Indian, expressed the pleasure he derived from being with "good folks engaged in the good work." He said, "He loved to visit the white flesh with the white hands, when the white hands were not stained with the red man's blood." To a question he replied, "There are no Indians in the first circle."

Mr. Barnes presented the following communication through a Mr. Cleveland, writing medium.

"You must wait in patience for the development of the *Spirits*, and not in any case endeavor to forestall the manifestations; because, by so doing, you render yourselves liable to have wrong communications from spirits who wish you ill, or who desire to destroy faith in this great unfolding which God is permitting to the world.

"I write this, friends, because I perceive that without sufficient forethought and without prayer, you are too apt to sit down for the purpose of worldly communication with the unseen world. I do not wish to be understood as saying that you should not desire the gratification of communion with your friends, but that all care should be taken that those, and only those who can benefit you, may converse with you. I wish you to consider this a most holy privilege, granted now, as a forerunner and as foreshadowing the coming of *God's kingdom in Christ our Redeemer*, and so to live, act and think, that you may be preparing yourselves for his reappearing.

"*He* has taken this method to prepare you for this glorious event. Pray, therefore, friends to be preserved from temptation, and to be guided and supported by all pure beings, and God's blessing will attend you. W. E. CHANNING."

Adjourned. R. T. HALLOCK, Sec'y.

Life: an endless stream whose fountain is Deity.

SPIRIT-LAND.

"The Spirit giveth life."

The Spirit-World.

BY MRS. MARY S. COFFIN.

I asked in spirit, and they came—
My kindred from a distant sphere—
I, trembling, read each dear-loved name,
And felt their holy presence near;
Visions of long-departed joys,
Rose glowing to my mental sight,
And shadowy forms, that never die,
Shone 'round me with their hallowed light.

I saw one soul-lit brow again,
That o'er my youth its spell had flung;
I thought of all I was to him,
And all his genius said and sung:
He passed from earth in manhood's prime,
Again our sphere his spirit sought,
No space can bar th' immortal mind,
No death divide the world of thought!

These beautiful lines escaped our observation or they would have appeared several weeks since. Will our indulgent friend pardon the delay and favor us again?—Ed.

SPIRITUAL FACTS.

NUMBER FOUR.

Mr. Editor: On the 22d of last April, Mr. Seth Bliss, of this city, happening to be in company with a medium, was told that the spirit of a *lady* was present, with whom he had formerly been on terms of intimate acquaintance. Mr. Bliss was in great haste, but having his curiosity excited, consented to inquire who it was. The Spirit proceeded to inform him where she had formerly lived, and that they had been accustomed to "sing together;" moreover, that, owing to a diseased state of the throat, which troubled her during one winter, she had been prevented from enjoying these musical exercises. But Mr. Bliss failed to recognize the spirit, whereupon, the following was communicated: "*Don't you remember Jane B***e*"? Immediately Mr. Bliss recalled a person, between whom and himself an intimacy had existed eleven years ago, at about which time she removed, with her parents, to New-London, Conn., where she left the form the year following.

It should be observed that no other persons, except Mr. Bliss and the medium, were present. The medium never had heard of Jane B., and Mr. Bliss declares that he thinks he has not thought of her within two years, and would be willing to state under oath that for one year at least, preceding the date of this communication, he has never so much as once recalled her name. After the spirit had expressed her joy that she was recognized, she gave him the following communication:

"Having an affinity for you, and feeling a spiritual attraction, and, withal, seeing that your mind is prepared, I will give you a message. My transition from earth to the spheres of glory may be a subject of interest to you. In our youthful intercourse we were spiritually attached—no less so now. Stronger and more harmonious shall be that union hereafter. My education impeded my progress. I loved God, but I feared him more. I feared an awful hell, whose jaws seemed to open to receive my soul! While a dweller in the earthly temple I strove to be good, and to set an honorable example was my aim. In the change which came over me my spiritual eyes were opened, and I beheld my Spirit-home. It seemed to me that I had been dreaming, and my past existence appeared like the night with its shadows, compared with the unfolding of the perfect day. The bright countenances, which shone around me, filled my spirit with heavenly light. There was a joyful meeting with friends, and my school-companions came to me with joy and rejoicing. As I gazed back to earth I wondered why friends should mourn while the happy spirit was free. I could not find one of my numerous friends who could, for a single moment, believe I was eternally lost. And when I inquired of my guardian angels where the place of torment was, they pointed me back to earth. And I beheld the darkness of mortals enshrouded in the gloom of error.

It was about four hours before I fully realized my condition; after which, I saw numerous spirits coming forth from their mortal bodies; and I was delighted with the angels who welcomed them to their bright abodes.

If conditions will permit I will ere long approach, and impress you in a dream.

Jane B***e."

I am well acquainted with the medium, through whom the above was received, and am sure it is not in his style, and that there are none of his peculiarities in it.

Rufus Elmer.

Communication from the Spirit-World.

Friend Brittan:

Yesterday I received the following *letter*, (written in my absence, but in accordance with a promise made the previous evening, through Miss ——, a medium in this City,) from one of my most intimate and tenderly-attached friends, living in the "Land of Sprits," to which country he removed a little more than a year and a-half ago, and from which he has since, though never before—by controlling a human hand—kept up a more or less frequent correspondence with me. Is it not as natural as any letter written by those in *this* world? Is it not like talking with a man, face to face?

Dear Brother of my earthly love:

How shall I express to you my deep, heartfelt joy, in thus meeting you, after our long earthly separation—for long it does seem to me. I have been near you much, dear brother, very much, of late; have you not felt my presence, more than in days past? Have you not thought of me more—have I not seemed nearer to you? I rejoice with you, dear brother, in your progress in the high and holy path you have chosen. It is a difficult one—one of self-denial, and trial, thus trying to enlighten mankind, and bring them into the light of Truth and the true knowledge of God, and his kind and blessed laws with regard to you mortals.

I have much, very much, that I wish to say to you, but can scarcely find words to express it. You were dear, very dear to me, while on earth, and to me is given the joyful charge of guarding and guiding you through life, in all its troubles and perplexities, and the still more joyful task of being the first to greet you, and to welcome you to this, our bright and beautiful spirit-home. Oh! my dear brother, the beauty, the glorious beauty of this spirit-home! Would that I could describe it to you—would that you could comprehend it, and look upon it, as we do—but it can not be. It is too pure, too holy, too glorious, for human mind to understand. And, brother, it is for the best that it is so. How could you, after beholding such brightness and beauty, return to the dark and cold world again, and be content as in past times? Dark, and cold, did I say? Yes, it is so, compared with this. Your earth is lovely and pleasant to mortal eyes, and it is well that it should be so. The music of the birds, and of human voices, is sweet to you, but oh, if you could only list to one strain of *our* sweet, heavenly music, your soul would be entranced, beyond any thing you ever dreamed of.

Keep on, dear brother, in the bright and upward path you have chosen, and whenever, and wherever opposition comes—let it come. Bear it meekly, patiently, looking to our Heavenly Father for comfort, support, and guidance; and remember that I am ever near you, to cheer and comfort you in days of doubt and darkness, for you must not think to escape such days. While on earth, dear brother, they are the lot of all mortals, and it is for the best that it is so. It serves to wean you from earth, to bend your thoughts to higher and holier things, and you look forward with joy to time when you will be released from them. And when you do join us, dear brother, you will look back upon such trials, and marvel how you could have been annoyed by them, for God, in his goodness, will permit you to see why they were imposed upon you.

I am glad that I thus have an opportunity to commune with you, as in days of old. It was your own dear brother who impressed you with the idea that you would do so,* and oh! how I rejoiced in my spirit-home last night, when I found you heeded my impressions! Ever do so, dear brother of my heart, and you will find that you have not been disappointed. Ever trust to your Heavenly Father's guidance, and the impressions I am permitted to make, and all will be well with you, both here and hereafte

I should like, so much, to communicate with you myself, dear brother. It will be hard to get control enough of you to do so, but yet I do think that, with patience and practice, it might be done. Can you have patience to sit quietly for a few moments every day, and wait to be guided by me? I wish you could do so. How happy it would make us both. We could commune together as in days of old, and I would make earth seem almost like heaven to you! But act your own pleasure upon this subject, you know your own feelings and wishes best.

Dear brother, mine: Do not ever feel sad or lonely when you hear from me in this way, and above all things do not deem me dead. It is not so! I am nearer you than I could possibly have been on earth, and have only gone before you for a short time, to watch over you the more closely, and guard you the more carefully, and Oh! glorious task, highest that could be given an immortal spirit—to be the first to welcome you to our bright, glorious home above!

I can not say more to you now. Remember me to all I knew and loved while on earth, and be ready to meet me in this, to all of you, happy home. Will you not do so, dear brother, mine, I again ask you?

Your own loving Spirit Brother,
as in days long ago.

O men who know not that ye are spirits—ye who are groveling amid the things of earth, unconscious of the slumbering divinity within you—who live only for self and sense—whose hearts are hard and cold—behold how the angel-brother's love you! See how their whole souls gush affection and run over with tenderness! They pity you; they yearn over you; they love you with more than earthly fondness; they are your nearest, dearest, holiest friends—and they *stoop to save* you! Listen to their melting messages, take the hand they offer, and let them lift you up to stand with them! *Refuse not this love of the Angels!*

Joseph Treat.

Hartford, June 25, 1852.

*That is, that I should *communicate* with him—referring to the impression by which, the night before, he induced me to visit this medium, who was an entire stranger to me.

Calvin on the Laws of the Spheres.

In regard to the question which I promised to answer, I will state what I feel I can be clearly and fully sustained in saying. The laws which govern us in the Spirit-land, in some respects, are not dissimilar to those which govern men upon earth. Yet we have greater facilities for acquiring knowledge by far, than you who are yet in the body. And so it is with those in the higher spheres—we can the more readily learn, the nearer we approach the goal to which we are all tending, the great Harmonial Circle of God's more immediate presence. And although those who are in the lower spheres can operate powerfully upon those on earth, they can not give as correct ideas in regard to the working of the great plans of our Father, as those above them. When you fully realize that a spirit can accomplish in one moment, by the mere effort of the will, more than a mortal can do in a number of days—I mean, in regard to passing from place to place—you will not be astonished to learn that we can as readily comprehend the language as we can the thoughts of those with whom we wish to converse. And, as I have said, we are in a degree subject to the same laws as yourselves. Yet, instead of being obliged to study for a long time to obtain a knowledge of any particular language, we are enabled to receive it as by intuition. And it is just as easy for me, when I wish to converse with one on earth, to impress the thought upon his mind, in his own language, although I never understood it when I was on your earth, as I could in my native tongue.

John Calvin.

D. G. Green, Medium.

Letter from a Lady.

The lady who writes the following communication is distinguished for her love of truth and her devotion to duty. For some years she has been an invalid, but has been sustained and soothed by the prospect of an unclouded future, opened to her soul by the revelations of the Spiritual Philosophy. Amid all her infirmities she yet awaits in patience for the hour of deliverance, calm and serene as the celestial life that is opening before her.—Ed.

Mr. Editor: I should not have the presumption to offer any thing to the public at this time, were it not that I wish to bear my testimony to the tranquilizing effect of the Spiritual Philosophy, in time of sickness and in view of the approaching separation from earthly relations and an entrance into a new life, of which we have heretofore known so little. Now is the vail removed that has separated the dead from the living, and none need say we know not the destiny of the soul, or whether it is immortal, for the testimony of its immortality is sufficiently established to satisfy the most skeptical; and the assurances of the angel-hosts—who are laboring for our happiness with untiring vigilance—that, succeeding this short life of trial and discipline, we enter upon one of happiness and joy inexpressible, has taken from death its terror and from the grave its victory.

And now I wish to say a few words to the friends, particularly the females, who cherish our faith, concerning its application in our daily practice. It seems to me we are too much engrossed in seeking for more light, when we have not used that which we have, for any profitable purpose. We profess to believe in the philosophy of Harmony, but have we done any thing to develop Harmony, either in ourselves, our families, or in society? If we have not, let us seriously ask ourselves, not when shall we begin, but *how?* Let us not be in too much of a hurry to go out and convert our neighbors, but first weed our own hearts of all noxious plants, which we may have suffered to grow there, and cultivate in their stead, Love, kindness and good will to our neighbor—by which I mean every human being, without regard to nation, caste or color. Let us have a cheerful word for the despondding, sympathy for the distressed, encouragement for the timid, and in all cases use our influence in trying to win the vicious from their unhappy delusion. Surely, here is work, and of all concerned I know of none who can do more than the mothers of the rising generation. And here, I would call their attention to the education of our very young children. There is scarcely a school in the land where children are not required to hear and assent to the revolting doctrines of sectarian churches. This is wrong; for, if it be a truth, that as the "twig is bent the tree inclines;" it must be of the utmost importance that the infant mind receives a just direction. Moreover, it is our duty, as fast as possible, to institute schools free from such influences; and it seems to me there might be a great improvement in the mode of imparting instruction; so that, instead of the school-house being a miniature prison, it should be of all others, the most attractive place. Schools should be often visited by the parents, and so managed as to combine amusement with instruction; and great care should be taken not to task the intellect beyond a healthy activity.

We have positive assurance that there is a better time coming, but I fear we have not sufficiently understood the means by which it is to be brought about. It is not the law of Nature to force happiness upon any one, in this or any other sphere; and those who fold their hands and wait in idleness for others to perform what they ought to do themselves, will have to wait a long time before they will realize their expectations. We have every encouragement that kind angels can give us, to be up and doing, and let us not prove ungrateful or unworthy of their regard.

Poughkeepsie, July 10, 1852. Mary Story.

Manifestations among the Methodists.

We copy the following interesting spiritual experiences from the "Eagle," a paper published more than a quarter of a century since; somewhere in the State of Maryland. The No. of the paper in which it appeared and a fragment of which is before us—bears date, March 11, 1826. The account was originally published in "The *Religious Messenger* of the Philadelphia Conference," and is therefore well authenticated. It is one of the numerous illustrations of spiritual influence to which our Methodist friends have always been subject.

Ed. Sp. Telegraph.

The following communication has been handed us for publication by a gentleman of this city, who received it as here stated, from the late eloquent and pious Summerfield, a short time before his death. We know the writer, he is a man who is distinguished alike for excellence of character, credibility, piety and moral worth. His name would at once remove every possible doubt, as to the faithfulness and correctness with which the narrative has been furnished, and as to the certainty that the account we now give, was communicated to him by the person above mentioned—Ed.

The following account I received from the late Rev. John Summerfield soon after his return from England. Mr. Summerfield informed me that he obtained the narrative from the Rev. Richard Watson, the gentleman who is now writing the excellent work entitled, "Theological Institutes," one volume of which has reached this country. Mr. Watson speaks of Mr. Mills as being a man of integrity and good standing in the Methodist church in England, and who was an actor in the extraordinary scene. Mr. Watson further informed Mr. Summerfield that he was intimately acquainted with Mr. Mills, and knew him to be a man of the greatest moral worth, and by no means credulous.

Mr. Mills had preached on a circuit in England, in which lived a man by the name of James and his wife, with whom he was intimately acquainted, and at whose house he lodged when on the circuit. He having traveled the circuit one year, left it to attend Conference, and was returned to it the second time. But in the interim, an epidemic disease had prevailed in the place where James resided, and both himself and his wife were carried off by it suddenly and within a short time of each other. Mr. Mills, however, as usual, went to his old lodging, which was then occupied by the children, but felt gloomy and distressed at finding the abode no longer enlivened by the presence of its former pious heads, who had been his intimate friends, and in this state of mind retired to rest in the same room in which on former occasions, he had been in the habit of sleeping.

Soon after laying down, however, Mr. Mills, with considerable astonishment heard, as he supposed, some person whispering in an adjoining room, into which he immediately repaired, to ascertain who they were, but found no one. He again laid down and concluded that he must have been mistaken, but the circumstance brought to his recollection a rumor which he had heard at a place not very distant, and to which he had paid but little attention, that James and his wife had been seen several times since their death. While thinking on this rumor, he again heard the whispering renewed, this increased his surprise, and a second time he arose and searched the room, but with the same result. He arose the third time, from the same cause, but after a strict search could find no one. After this he resolved to disregard it, and fell into a sleep and heard nothing more. The next morning he left the house, without mentioning the circumstance to the children, to attend an appointment about three miles distant; and as usual, dined at the house of a pious old lady in the neighborhood of the place. This woman, though poor and aged, had always insisted on the preachers staying with her, and through respect for her age and excellent character, they indulged her wishes. She provided for Mr. Mills a frugal repast, but declined eating with him, stating that she preferred waiting on him.

The old lady was generally known by the familiar name of Nanny, and by this name she was called by the preachers. While Mr. Mills was eating his morsel, Nanny, who was seated some distance from him, said, "Mr. Mills I have a request to make of you." "Well, Nanny, (he replied,) what is it?" "Why, (said she,) that you preach my funeral sermon on the next Sabbath." The request astonished Mr. Mills, who looking at her with surprise, said, "Nanny, what is the matter with you. Have you lost your senses?" "Oh no, sir, (she replied,) I know perfectly well what I am talking about, for I shall die on Friday, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and though you will be some miles from this place, I want you to comply with my request, and if you have ever known any thing good of me, that may be serviceable to others, you can tell it."

"But, (said Mr. M.) before I promise to comply with your request, I should be much gratified if you would inform me how you know that you will die on Friday, this being on Tuesday?" "Then sir, I will inform you. You know that reports have been in circulation that James and his wife have been seen in different places by various persons since their death." "True, (said Mr. M.) but I regarded it as mere rumor." "But sir, (she replied,) I saw them this morning!" "You saw them!" "Indeed, I did sir. Early this morning while sweeping my entry, I looked up toward the road, and I saw two persons, a man and a woman, coming toward the house, who appeared to me to resemble James and his wife. I ceased to sweep, and looked steadily at them until they came near to me, when I found it really was them." Said Mills, "Why, Nanny, were you not afraid?" "Me afraid! Mr. Mills, (she replied,) what had I to fear? Indeed I was not afraid, for I knew James and his wife in this world, and I am sure they were good people, and I was quite certain they had not become bad since they left it. Well sir, as I was saying, they came up to me, and I said, 'James! is that you?' and he said, 'yes, Nanny, it is me, you are not deceived, and this is my wife.' And I said, 'James, are you happy?' and he replied, 'I am, and so is my wife, and our happiness far exceeds any thing we ever conceived of in this world.' 'But (said I,) James, if you are so happy, why have you returned?" To which he replied, 'Strange as it may appear to you, there is still a mysterious union existing between us and our friends in this world, which will not be dissolved until the resurrection. Nanny you know that I and my wife died suddenly, in consequence of which it has been supposed that I left no will, and in order to prevent some uneasiness which is likely to exist among the children respecting my property, we were permitted to return to this world to inform some person that I did make a will, and where it may be found. We went,' he continued; last night to our former mansion, to inform Mr. Mills respecting the Will, but found he was somewhat frightened, and therefore concluded not to tell him, but to see you this morning and request you to inform him, as he will dine with you to-day, for we passed him on the road, and we knew, Nanny, that you would not be frightened. 'No, indeed, James I am not alarmed,' she replied, 'for I am vastly glad to see you, especially since you are happy.' 'The Will,' he said, 'is in a private drawer in the desk which opens by a secret sping, (here giving a full description of it,) which the children do not know of, and the executors live in the neighborhood. Request Mr. Mills,' he said, 'to return to the house after dinner, and he will find the Will and can see the executors, and can have things satisfactorily settled in the family. And said he, Nanny, we are permitted to inform you that on Friday next at three o'clock in the afternoon, you will die and be with us!' 'Oh! James,' she replied, 'I am vastly glad to hear it. I wish it was Friday now.' 'Well,' said he, '*be ready* for the *messenger* will certainly call for you at that hour.' She replied, 'don't fear James, by the grace of God I will be ready,' and they left her."

Mr. Mills heard the account with no small degree of astonishment, and concluded to return to the house from whence he came in the morning. Without the least difficulty he found the drawer and Will. He also saw the executors, and was pleased to find that the Will gave full satisfaction to all concerned. On the following Friday at three o'clock, pious Nanny died, and Mr. Mills informed Mr. Watson that he preached her funeral sermon on the succeeding Sabbath.

Mr. Watson remarked to Mr. Summerfield, that he had always before been an unbeliever on the subject of apparitions, but that he did most fully credit this account.

Communication from a Spirit.

D. W. Newhall (Lynn, Mass.,) Medium.

I am rejoiced to be able to say a few words of encouragement to those of you who are ready to receive these manifestations of our presence. Diligently pursue your way to the *ultimatum*—to the upbuilding of the Lord's kingdom upon the earth. Let your polar star be truth, and your righteousness like the waves of the sea; and you shall anchor at last and in safety in the harbor of Divine love and repose. You will be able to outride the storms of life. The conflicting elements will give you strength and fit you, by trial, for a sure victory. These will render your salvation secure.

Come then, ye who would live—live in the true sense of that term—live in the enjoyment of all your faculties, developing each in successive order; Love, and Beauty, and Harmony, are diffused over the face of Nature that you may rejoice.

Come to the banquet now being prepared for you by the Father of our being.

Come, for the times of doubt and incredulity are ended, and the era has come when, out of His goodness and love to His creature, man, a more complete communication shall be established, whereby the skepticism and the denial of His government, may be overthrown, and the knowledge of His presence may be received. The Lord reigneth; let all fear to deny His power. Guided by these manifestations of God's presence man will go on fulfilling the great hope of the age, building up the principles of justice whereon His throne is established.

I am led to say this much, for I know how earth's inhabitants want light and spiritual instruction to lift them above the grosser atmosphere of the world, to say nothing of the materialism which causes so many to say, in spirit, "Shall I live again?" And how? O, yes, mortals, you shall live again, in all the essential requisites of your being. I was once incased in mortality; I have mingled with the multitude of men. I know their fears of a change of state, and that the dreaded time must come to all mortals. Oh, how necessary to live a true life, that death may be robbed of such terror. The hope of heaven and the dread of hell have been the motive powers to bring mankind to live a life of virtue, or to incite in them a healthful, moral action.

Divested of this dread, and recognizing and observing the principles of justice and of duty for their sake, and death is robbed of its terror and confidence is inspired, and the soul is calm and immovable. So should you live, blest by the presence of a vitalizing principle.

Poetic as it has seemed to many, that there should be joy in heaven over the repentance of one sinner, the truth of the declaration stands boldly out; we feel it, we rejoice in it. Then lend your thoughts and your energies to the upbuilding of that inner man, whose nature is spiritual, and whose existence is eternal. The good providence of God is still over you, directing all things after his own order. Let your hearts be thankful, rejoicing in His benignant smiles, accepting His proffered blessings; recognizing His guiding hand, and requiting all the manifestations of His love with a grateful affection, and the homage of a well-ordered life. Be wise, not so much the wisdom of mere intellectuality, as the wisdom of innocence and virtue, guided by and blest in the living presence of the Spirit. Thus, you will be initiated into the glory that "shall be revealed, and scenes of such indescribable beauty as no language is adequate to portray. Turn your thoughts inward and upward, and contemplate the wonders of the inner man, and the glories of the heavens above; and still, with all these helps, the ideal is dim, compared with the realities of the Spirit-world.

Edward Payson.

OBITUARY.

Departed this life, not in *hope*, but by the *realization* of a glorious resurrection from the dead, at the "Union House," New-York, on Thursday morning, July 8, 1852, Mrs. Laura P. Boyle, aged 48 years, wife of James Boyle, M. D., of Rome, Ashtabula Co., Ohio. The late tenement of her peaceful and immortal spirit was deposited in Greenwood Cemetery.

Who can feel what a beautiful and elevated sentiment may develop in the soul? It is the perfume in the flower, the flavor in the fruit, the light in the atmosphere.

Miscellaneous Department.

From the Star of Truth.

SPIRIT-FLOWERS.

BY C. D. STUART.

A young child stood by its mother's side,
Watching the shining mold
Of a grave, fresh scooped from old grave dust,
By a sexton gray and old;
And "why do they bury us, mother dear,
Down in the earth so cold?"
She asked, as she gazed at the grave fresh scooped,
By the sexton gray and old.

"The earth is not cold, my darling child,"
Softly the mother said;
"Its bosom is warm, and to sleep and rest,
Gently we bury the dead;
Its bosom is warm, my darling child,
And under the sun and shower,
The soul will rise from its quiet sleep,
A beautiful bud or flower.

And angels will bear it up, my child,
Into the heaven above,
Never again to droop or die,
But bloom in the light of love;
The sun's warm rays and the shining dew,
Are shapes of an angel band
Who, sent to gather the spirit-flowers,
Over the grave-turf stand."

And silent, the young child answered not,
But knew, from that blessed hour,
Why she had gazed, and wondered so much
At every beautiful flower;
And even in after years, the breath
Of the flowers was sweeter far;
They led her up to the Spirit-land,
Over the shining star!

RELIGION.

BY A. W. FENNO.

How lovely is Religion, when it flows
Fresh from the fountain of an unstained heart;
Fame has its triumphs,—but it never knows
The deep, true joy, which silently doth start
In the mind's temple, holy and apart.

The Savior spake for all,—for all he died,
The sinner and the sinless,—in all time,
Shall his humbleness rebuke man's pride,
And raise the stricken one of every clime,
To worship *truths*, *eternal* and *sublime*.

THE ENTRANCED.

BY C. D. STUART.

Night and darkness are around me. I live a new and mysterious life. Heat and cold no longer oppress me; no longer excite sensation. I see not, neither do I feel the outward world. I taste not, I smell not. Yet, I am upon the earth, within the temple of earth-palpable form; around me are earth-kindred and friends. I am passed from them, dead to them; yet I am more than ever alive, and they, to me, are living and present. I hear muffled steps—there is whispering, sobbing, and notes of deep anguish ringing in my ear. This sense, or pathway to sense, is alone unsealed. But I require not even this, to perceive all things around me—as mortal being, can not; I pierce the thin shield of form, and behold the principle and source of things. I behold the life, the thoughts, and the sensations of mortals. Aye, even the earliest germ of idea, I behold.

I am entranced! the vitality of my earth-form is suspended, but the life which fed, moved and informed it—no longer struggling under folds of matter—is at length conscious of itself and its power. For the first time, I comprehend life, whence it came, what it is, and, somewhat its destiny. I comprehend that all atheism, teaching "no God," and that life can die, is blasphemy; all materialism, a lie! That decaying matter and perishing forms, are not life. That these are, in their highest unfolding to mortal sense, but types of identity, frail and temporary; that *life*—the life which I now live, and feel, and comprehend, and exult in—is the Spirit of God, distributed through his universe to take form, as suits God's purpose. That though the form be broken, paralyzed, dead—the life remains vigorous, vital and beautiful. That form has only given it identity, the starting-point of comparative separate being, yet a being in accord with its source, upheld, attracted and eternally vibrating toward the center and sum of life—God. That all life identified in the same form is, in that, as in all after forms, relative and kindred; one in sympathy, one in communion. That, however dimly, it looks up from its lowest form, man, to its origin, God; and from all higher forms, back to its final form. In comprehending future being, it can not cease to comprehend past being. That, springing toward God by a law of its nature it, by the same law, is drawn backward, in sympathy to all the forms of its being. Thus angels or saints, as intermediates, hover between God and man; obedient, worshipful and aspiring toward God; sympathetic and loving toward man. Of conscious life, man is the point ascending—God, the point descending; in all, an infinite space of being; a chain, close-linked and unbroken.

And these truths, clear to my present consciousness, unclouded by the active conditions of form, solve for me many mysteries. A film has passed from my sight. I see, what I dimly fancied, in the form. I see, that man, on earth, is only separate from man lifted above earth, in form. That the dividing-line is thin as material sense. That, as the spirit of God is with us—since in it we live, move, and have our being—so are all spirits, akin to God and man, *with* us. Impalpable to our earth-form sense, yet impressing all kindred life in lower forms, in myriad ways. Pervading our memories and innermost thoughts, influencing our aspirations and acts, and inspiring our sentiments and emotions. So in mortal being have I—and we all—heard their "still small voices" whispering things past and to come, filling me with premonition, prophecy, prescience; else many mysteries of life can not be solved. That which is beyond mortal knowledge, without affinity to precedent and thus void of human solution, must flow from a higher source, from life and power in more prescient form. It may be from God, but as specially occurring to man, far easier and more rational is it, to believe it from the intermediate of God. It is not in God's fixed order of things, and nothing has yet taught that God infracts immutable laws. But specially addressed to man, it is apposite to the relations, sympathies, and reasonable power of all beings less than God, toward man. And these, more and more as the chain of being approaches man, may easily surround and impress him.

Is is not part of every christian's, nay, even pagan's faith, to believe they do thus? Is it not inspiring, purifying, and consoling to believe that, while God, busied with the movements of his universe, forgets us not for one moment; those at least, who were once identical with us, remember, yearn toward and influence us. The translated to Heaven still hovering near and watching over us! Is it not a natural and rational idea—is it not the lesson of all our hope and our religion? And, through the experiences and instincts of all reflective life, is it not a conviction, which dogmas cannot shake, nor preaching strengthen? To me it is thus. I know there is a God, the father of us all; that life, the vital part of man, is immortal; and that it is linked in one unbroken chain of sympathetic being, from God to man, from man to God. I, too, was a skeptic, but my skepticism is past. I am in the light, I behold the truth. Many mysteries of time gone are solved—mysteries only to the dull sense of the first form.

In this tranced state, I perceive why, years ago, as I sat in a dimly-lighted room where a sweet child lay dying, I heard a voice lower and softer than a whisper, yet which startled me as with an electric shock, as it sounded down into my heart "she will die at seven minutes past eleven to-night." That she must die, all believed, but she slumbered so sweetly that, to all human reckoning she might live many hours, even days, for she had already been dying for days. It was seven o'clock when this strange warning came to me, and save the sleeper, none other was in the room. I confess, though not superstitious, I trembled and a cold shudder ran through all my nerves. Sitting as I was by an open window, I looked out and upon either side, but there was no mortal cause for the not fancied, but most distinct warning. Yet, least some fancy of the brain might have inspired the voice, I revealed at once the circumstances to such as might, with me, watch the issue. Four hours and fifteen minutes were to elapse and the warning would stand false or true, whenever it came. My heart beat with unwonted sensation; mingled awe and curiosity filled it. Eleven o'clock and the child slept unchanged; our eyes were bent upon its face. Eleven o'clock and five minutes, and a slight tremor, like a fever chill, passed over it; another minute, and the eyes of the sleeper slowly opened, wide, staring and vacant; and in another minute, they closed to open no more on earth. Death had come to fulfil the warning.

It was strange—strange, we all said. To me it is not now strange. It was a simple, natural thing, in the light of the higher laws of our being. This is the solution: the child-life, all but released from its earthly form, was imbued with a power to pervade and witness beyond and independent of outward sense, and drawn toward my own life by sympathy of kin and association, and comprehending my thought at that instant full of the question, "when will she die?" it uttered over an electric chord of unison between us, its own clear knowledge, to me a marvellous prophecy. It was the immortal discovering and asserting itself and encompassing the mortal. And how many facts like this are recorded in the book of mortal life; aye, and stranger still to mortal sense, yet neither strange nor unnatural when the laws and relations of life are comprehended. Premonitions as emphatic, have sounded in ears thousands of leagues separate from the subjects of the premonitions. Premonitions of events on the instant of their occurring, giving no lapse of time for collusion. Wesley, Stilling, and Swedenborg have recorded them; thousands have experienced and can bear faithful testimony to them.

And why doubt or deny them? Do they not, rather, disentangle this soul of man—the spirit and the life, from the clog and cloud which bind it down and mystify and obscure it? No! skeptic grub-worm that would'st be, thou mayst doubt thy life, but thou hast it, and when, as I do now, thou shalt comprehend it, the dark things of mortality will be made plain, and thou wilt see as becomes an immortal.

NOTE.—As nearly as possible, I have given a portion of the revelation entrusted to me not long since by an eminent Surgeon, who lay for several days in a trance, and was pronounced dead, though he finally recovered, and is now living. I am but a chronicler in the matter.—C. D. S. *Star of Truth.*

What Sprits do and do not Teach.

They do *not* teach that one day is any better than another, but that we should do right every day.

They do *not* teach that any one person can answer for the sins of another, but that each must mark out their own way to either the bright or dark spheres for themselves. They do *not* teach a place of positive punishment, a "never-ending hell," in the next world, for such teaching would be at war with the great law of progress.

But they *do* teach that as we live here on earth, so shall we enter the spirit-land.

They *do* teach that a religion, to be beneficial, must be of works, practical.

They *do* teach that *outward show* is opposed to *inward purity*.

They *do* teach that spirits can communicate with mortals, and that all who will seek honestly will receive truthfully such communications.

They *do* teach that the time is near when spirits will be permitted to reveal crimes committed here on earth. Let all take warning; for the teachings and promises of spirits will be fulfilled.

They *do* teach that the (spirit) light shineth in darkness (the unbelieving mind,) and the darkness comprehendeth it not.

They *do* teach, because they (the unbelieving) have not the light; they can not see that you (the believing) have it.

They *do* teach that if ye seek ye shall find, and if you knock (at truth's door) it shall be opened unto you.

These are a few of the many important truths which the spirits teach.

Dr. Underhill's Pamphlet.

Fanaticism may exist in as great a degree in an exceedingly incredulous as in a too credulous mind. Hence the *strong minded man*, who denounces fanaticism in others, and stops his ears to the evidence of facts which he will not believe to exist, is nothing but a poor weak fanatic after all.—*Carpet Bag.*

Spiritualism.

It is now some three or four weeks since the Misses Fox reached this City. During their stay they have been waited on by thousands; and it may be securely said that, whatever the effect on the minds of visitors produced by the phenomena of which they seem to be the *media*, whether belief or disbelief, it most assuredly has been *amazement*. We have ourselves known persons who treated the whole subject with ridicule—who had in its pretensions not the slightest faith, nor for them the slightest respect—come away from an exhibition of its wonders, silent, contemplative, astonished. Verily, with Hamlet, we are forced to say, in this day and generation, "there are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

On Thursday night, agreeably to previous notice, Dr. McDowell commenced a series of lectures on this subject at his college, and was favored by the attendance of the Misses Fox. His spacious amphitheater was filled with a highly intelligent audience, and the exercises were interesting and well received. The chief object of the lecture seemed to be to demonstrate, that the phenomena exhibited by the Misses Fox are not attributable to magnetism or electricity; and, if we admit identity between what is termed animal magnetism and that subtle fluid evolved by means of electrical machines and galvanic batteries, the experiments very satisfactorily proved, that the phenomena, so far as the rappings are concerned, must be attributed to something else than animal magnetism. The young ladies were insulated on a platform of glass; yet the rappings were as palpable as ever. To prove, however, that they were not peculiarly charged with electricity, they approached their hands to extremely delicate magnetic needles, suspended as the needle usually is in the compass, on a point, without causing any material variation. One of them, also, grasped in her hands the poles of the magnetic invention of Mr. Bland, which had been carried there for the sake of the experiment, without producing the slightest effect; thereby proving one of two things—either, that animal magnetism can never produce the results of material magnetism or mechanism, or that a sufficient supply was not possessed by, or thrown out by, the operator, in the present instance. Which was the fact, we, of course, know not.

During the course of the experiments, a most tremendous and incessant thumping was kept up, apparently on the floor and the counter, by what purported to be spirits of Dr. Franklin, Baron Swedenborg and other scientific men, who made very prompt responses to all questions propounded; and who manifested ready and incessant concurrence with nearly all the positions the lecturer assumed!

At the close of the experiments a gentleman in the audience desired the Doctor to request the spirit of Dr. Franklin, or some other spirit, to rap on the skull of a skeleton which dangles suspended from the center of the dome. The request was made; but no raps on the skeleton's skull could be heard. They came only as before, from below. Thereupon, quite a sensation seemed roused in the audience, though, for the life of us, we could not perceive the cause. Nothing was proven by the failure of raps, requested on the skull, save only the simple fact of the failure itself, so far as we could see. It is certainly none the less incomprehensible, that rappings are heard under a table, or floor, or on the leaf of a door, without material or mortal influence, at a mere verbal request, because the same request does not produce the same rappings above the ceiling, or outside the house. One wonderful thing is none the less wonderful because another thing, which somebody fancies would be more wonderful, or equally so, and which he has a whim to witness, does not occur to gratify him. It is, in reality, as wonderful that a table weighing an ounce should move a single inch without visible or known natural influence, as it would be for a mass of iron weighing a tun to move a mile in the same manner. But, because the former *does* occur, and the latter does *not*, at our request, are we to pronounce the former all humbug? A beautiful philosophy, this! Why, on the same principle, a man might most pertinaciously refuse to believe his own senses when he saw even the mass of iron weighing a tun move a mile, unless, forsooth, he could be suffered also to see a mountain weighing millions of tuns move half around the globe! But we are told, if the spirits can do one thing, why can't they do another? If they can move an ounce, why not a tun? If they can rap, why can't they talk? If Dr. Franklin can thump on a table, why can't he thump on a skeleton's skull suspended twenty feet above the table? Well; this is "looking a gift-horse in the mouth" with a vengeance! It reminds one of the Italian mendicant to whom you give a *kreutzer*, who turns around and curses you heartily because you won't add to it a *zwanziger!* Granting these phenomena to be produced by spirits, (and we are sure *we* don't know whether they are or not,) we suppose these spirits are *finite* in their powers, inasmuch as there is generally admitted to be but ONE infinite power. There are some things, then, that these finite spirits *can* do, and some, we suppose, that they can't do. They *can* knock, and move tables, and they can't, or won't, talk, and move mountains. But, because they don't move mountains when we ask them, we don't see any good reason not to continue to believe (if we ever have done so) that they can and do move tables, when we *see* the tables move without human or natural agency.

For ourselves, we believe in INVESTIGATION. We can't comprehend that *fear* to exercise our powers which some manifest, because these powers *may* lead us astray. "Examine *all* things—hold fast to that which is good." We would suggest to all, then, investigate this thing, if you feel the slightest interest in it. To fear, or to sneer, is alike and equally folly; and these lectures of Dr. McDowell, which commenced at his college on Thursday night, were continued last night, and will conclude to-night, and which are favored with the attendance of the Misses Fox, present an opportunity for enlightenment on the subject, which may never again occur in St. Louis. Very honestly, we advise all persons of sound mind, who are conscious of having a soul and spirit of their own, to attend; and if any body will find out how these knockings are produced, and will confide his discovery to our private ear, he shall be "applauded to the very echo that applauds again." This everlasting cry of "humbug—humbug—humbug!" from folks who won't lift a finger to expose the humbug, proves the folks themselves to be the veriest and greatest humbugs of all, if not the only ones, in the case!

St. Louis Times, June 29.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SHEKINAH.

VOLUME II.

THIS Magazine is devoted chiefly to an inquiry into the Laws of the Spiritual Universe, and a discussion of those momentous questions which are deemed auxiliary to the Progress of Man. It treats especially of the philosophy of Vital, Mental, and Spiritual Phenomena, and presents, as far as possible, a classification of the various Psychical Conditions and Manifestations, now attracting attention in Europe and America. The following will indicate distinctively the prominent features of the work.

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Address,

S. B. BRITTAN,
BRIDGEPORT, CT.

New-York, May 8, 1852.

Spiritual Experience,

AND the interesting impressions, written while subjected to the influence of spirits; by Mrs. LORIN L. PLATT, of Newtown, Conn.

☞ This beautiful pamphlet of 40 pages, was published by Spiritual direction.

For sale by STRINGER & TOWNSEND,
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May 15, 1852.

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SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

WE shall endeavor, in this paper, not to *force* opinions upon any one, but simply to suggest inquiries, that all may investigate, and think for themselves. We shall neither prescribe limits for others, nor erect an arbitrary standard for ourselves. While it will strive to avoid all acrimonious disputations, it will tolerate the most unlimited freedom of thought, imposing no checks except when liberty is made the occasion of offense. *It shall be free indeed*—free as the utterances of the spirits—subject only to such restraints as are essential to the observance of those friendly relations and reciprocal duties, which, with the very current of our lives, must flow into the great Divine Order and Harmony of the Race.

Our other business resources preclude the necessity of our depending upon this enterprise for support. Nor will I accept of any pecuniary profit that may accrue from its publication; but will, from time to time, so increase the issue or size of the paper, or reduce its price, as to graduate the terms to the standard of its actual cost, that subscribers may have the full benefit of their money and feel a personal interest in in its wide circulation.

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